

9-4-1885

# Letter from Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, to Catharine Brown Porter, 1885 September 4

Anne Whitney

Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: [https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney\\_correspondence](https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence)

---

## Recommended Citation

Whitney, Anne and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, to Catharine Brown Porter, 1885 September 4" (1885). *Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence*. 1702.  
[https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney\\_correspondence/1702](https://repository.wellesley.edu/whitney_correspondence/1702)

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4) at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Papers of Anne Whitney (MSS.4): Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact [ir@wellesley.edu](mailto:ir@wellesley.edu).

Shelburne N. H. Sept. 4 [1885]

My dear dear T. L. (My heart  
consoled me when I opened the package  
& saw those beautiful mittens. Why  
did I not send you word as I meant  
to do that I had found the missing  
mit of the first pair. It was heinous  
it was unpardonable. Still - still accept  
my grateful thanks. The 2<sup>d</sup> of Sept.  
I mittened & rode with our guests to  
Leas. Mine bridge & then I put them  
off folded, embalmed, lavendered &  
measured them to be kept - till the next  
decease when it is possible the other pair  
may be worn out.

Mrs. yes you say truly. If  
it were not for our duties what would  
become of us? We may bless our stars  
that the mean things of life are so  
packing that when our best possessions  
slip from us we must go on with  
the same front & so perhaps become



again what we seem to be. Thank  
you my dear Katy for your words  
of sympathy. They go to my heart.  
<sup>Mrs Chapman</sup>  
But indeed as regards her - I have  
two joys left - & I never knew till  
of late years how great one of  
these might be - this namely -  
that she did not live to know  
infirmity & mental decay - The  
other joy is that of memory -  
the memory of a being so broad  
& individual - so noble & so free  
from self - Eutering that my relation  
to it - seems to be almost of the  
nature of a special Providence - the  
comfortable old name for our  
selections & adaptations. And thus  
I shall be content tho' I know  
that all this winter & for how  
many winters more perhaps - I shall  
live with the unexpressible longing to  
see her enter our door & sit at our



revivise again.

Sarah told me of  
the pleasure you were having in  
the visits of your Kate & the  
other children - & I rejoice with  
you. It makes life worth living  
to see things drawing together for  
good & family relations bringing  
the happiness & content they  
were made to yield. Family & all  
other relations I should say. Outwardly  
Nature symbolizes this condition  
in the fullness of Autumn - I hear  
it - in the river the trees in the  
chirpings from the fields where they  
are cutting the harvest now. Much  
more than "thinking of the days that  
are no more" - more than the language  
of sentiment watered with tears  
is the sense of Peace that comes  
with a sense of oneness with the



groups on of Nature's <sup>simple</sup> acceptance  
of what cannot be fathomed by us.

Your plan of getting  
our dear Sarah for a few days <sup>to visit you</sup>.  
has my cordial good wishes. I see  
it is too far from home to expect  
her to come here. But there she  
can almost look in at the windows  
three a day - Certainly once & need  
not be devoured by anxiety. But  
I know Sarah's state of mind.  
It is not that she fears Mother  
might die in her absence. She fears  
or thinks she may suffer & if she  
does wants to know it & to be near.

Yet all the same I wish she  
could feel like a <sup>taking</sup> holiday once  
in a while. If she & Edward too  
had begun continued & should end in  
this way - it had been far better for all  
concerned - our Mother included.

With love from Abeline as well as  
from me to you & Jane - not forgetting Charlene  
at Sugar Hill I am yours always my  
dear old friend — Anne Abeline